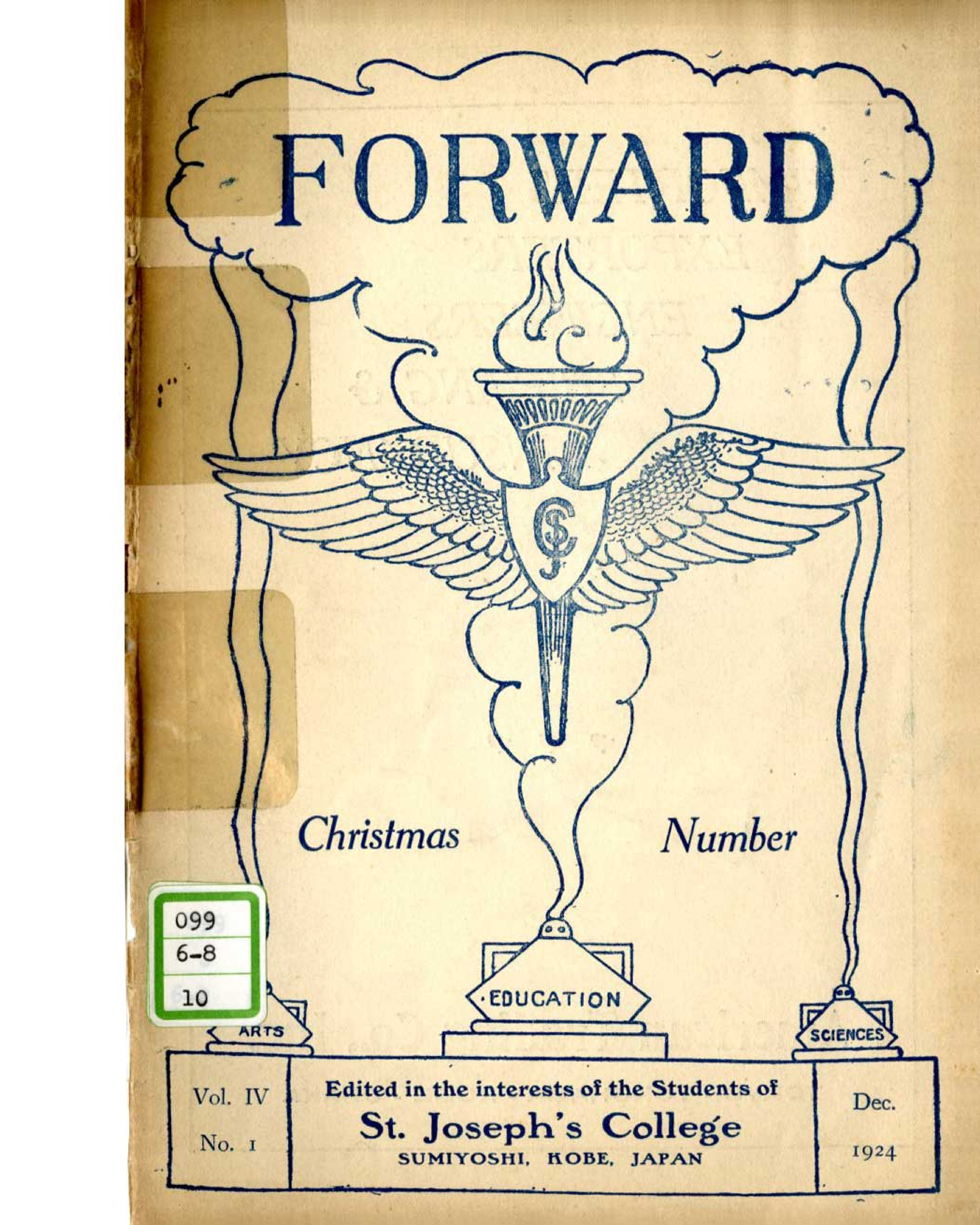
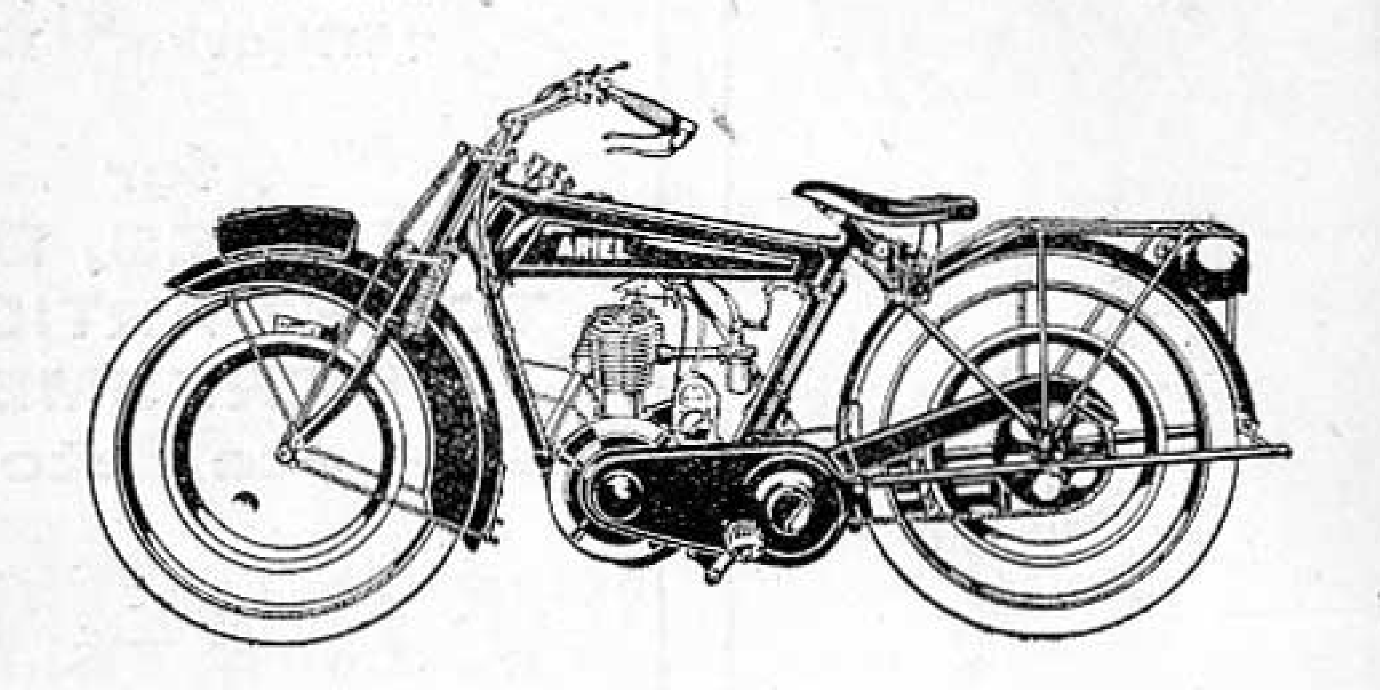

FORWARD
Christmas Number
EDUCATION
ARTS
SCIENCES
Vol. IV
No. 1
Edited in the interests of the Students of
St. Joseph's College
SUMIYOSHI, KOBE, JAPAN
Dec.
1924

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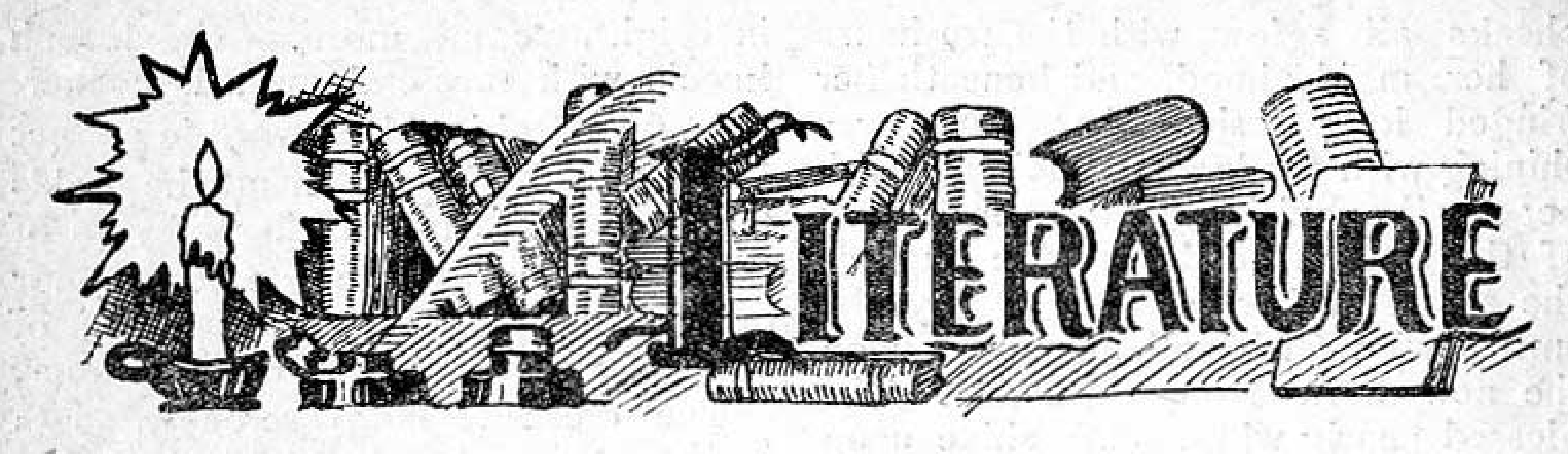
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The Sweetest Smile

Edward Gomes, '25

BETHLEHEM! Among the cities of the world, that name awakens in our hearts sweetest thoughts of God's compassion to us poor children of men. It speaks to us of the amiable, Incarnate Savior of all who ever lived or who ever will live. It was written by the prophet "Thou Bethlehem, the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come forth the Captain that shall rule my people Israel." (St. Matthew II 6).

The sun is setting behind the purple-hued hills shedding about its fare-well rays, and blazing its magic glory all over the evening sky. The trees whisper a soft adieu to the little winged songsters chirping out twilight hymns. The orb of day slowly vanishes behind a halo of gold and crimson splendor. The mystery of the coming night unfolds its beauty to the hearts of Mary and Joseph. The obscure City of David nestles in the gloom of an Eastern night. Darkness shrouds the earth with its somber mantle and the chilly winds, rush through the trees adding to the discomfort of the holy persons. These weary pilgrims of another hamlet ask for shelter that they might rest their tired feet and weary limbs but there is no place in the inns for them. Yet Bethlehem's houses were blithe and warm! They therefore trudged slowly to a lonely cave on the outskirts of the town.

In a grass-strewn stable faintly redolent with the breath of dumb beasts, surrounded by the most abject poverty, with no royal courtiers to welcome His coming among His own creatures, Christ, the Son of the living God was born. And Jesus was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in the manger.

"Lo within the manger lies
He who built the starry skies.
He who, throned on height sublime
Sits amid the Cherubim."

The angels descending upon the clouds of heaven broke the stillness of the night by singing in the ravishing strains of the heavenborn anthem "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will." These greatestof tidings were heralded to the poorest of the poor, shepherds tending their sheep on the hillsides of Judea.

Here, in the midnight cave God has fashioned for all times the sweetest smile on earth: Mary's silken tresses set off her rosy and delicate

cheeks all aglow with the freshness of her maidenhood, and beneath her fringed long lashes, her blue eyes shining with tenderness. Kissing with her small exquisite lips the tiny hands of the Savior, tender as the buds of the roses, in her ecstasy of joy she smiles with faith and happiness upon the new born King of Israel. The blessed pearly white teeth shine upon the smiling mouth as the dew drops on flower petals, Now, more than ever, the joy that played upon her heart from the day of the Annunciation finds its full expression on her most beautiful maiden face. And smile begets smile.

The Babe smiles back to His Holy Mother mirthful as the skylark in bright, vernal morn. St. Joseph kneels with reverend awe, his venerable face looking downward in perfect humility. With one hand he holds the staff while murmuring prayers of thanksgiving for the greatest honor bestowed upon a human being, that of being the foster-father of the Redeemer.

The crescent lamp serenely floats in the opalescent sky and plays her silvery beams through the door. The pale rays caress the tiny Infant, their Creator, on the stable-throne. While the forget-me-nots blooming in the garden of Eden peep shyly from the silky veil to welcome the Monarch. Felicity rules over the world. Indeed the sceptre did rise from Israel.

Lunatics

Louis Cox, '25

"HAVEN'T you found that name card?"

"No! Dog-gone-it! I'm almost sure I had it in my pocket-book, but the blamed thing isn't there now."

"If we don't find it soon how are we going to get in to the home for feeble minded people? You know that the asylum is a private one and few people even know of its existence and so, without the address, we'll never find it."

"I remember the street and I think the number was in the fifties. Come on, we'll get there somehow." And so the two friends left the apartment to visit an elite lunatic asylum.

For a long time Ned Stevens and Harry Shaw walked about until finally Ned stopped his companion in front of a huge stone house. "That's the joint. I remember Vasiloff telling me it was a regular mansion with a high stone wall around it. Let's go in."

So they entered the stone gateway and walked up the drive, which ran thru a parklike garden to the house. The stone building was a fine piece of architecture, with high pillars, marble steps, tall windows, massive balconies and all other indications for a millionaire's home.

The two confidently walked up to the carved oaken door and rang the bell. The door was soon opened by a maid.

"We've come to take a look around the asylum" explained Ned. "I hope all the insane people are ready to welcome us" and he forced an awkward smile to accompany his clumsy joke.

"I fail to understand sir" replied the maid doubtfully. It was plain

that she was puzzled and scared at Ned's queer speech and conduct.

"We were invited by the owner to take tea with him this afternoon" contributed Harry.

"Owner? What do you mean?"

"I mean that we have come to spend the afternoon with Mr. Vladimir Ivanovitch Vasiloff," shouted Ned rudely who was now getting impatient.

"Please come in and sit down and I shall get the master of the house." And then she ran up stairs palefaced and frightened.

While the couple were waiting in the hall a thin tall young man came strolling into the hall-way. The impression that this fellow made on our friends was that of a typical fop of a ladies' man, for he was extravagantly clothed in a fashionable, well-cut, dark suit and his being was further beautifed with rich jewels. A striking feature about him was that he had an exceedingly small head perched lightly on a neck of more than ordinaryl ength, which was circumscribed by a high stiff collar. He had a prominent nose, carefully brushed hair, a mouth that came to a point and large dark eyes one of which blinked stupidly behind a monocle. As this gorgeous one came into view he was singing "I may be crazy but I ain't no fool." Harry nudged Ned in the ribs.

"There's one of them." he said. "If he comes around here and begins to ask questions, answer so that it will please him. For all you know he may be the violent kind."

Just then the dandy noticed the strangers and stopped his solo. He screwed his monocle in his eye and stared widemouthed at the two fellows who were nervously fidgeting with their hats, not knowing whether to run or stay.

"Oh I thay" lisped the fop, "are you the two furniture movahs we were expecting todoy?"

"Why-er-er, yes!" gasped Ned "I hope we are not late."

"Not at all, in fact you are a little early. Follow me and I thall thow you which furnitures you are to move." And he led our heroes to a richly furnished room. "Take all the chairths, sofahs and coucheths and have them recovered. You both knoths all the detailths, tho get to work immediately."

"Well, what are you waiting for?" asked the dude as Ned and Harry hesitated.

"Are you going to do ath I thay?"

"Why, yes, I mean-er no, I mean yes," stammered the bewildered Ned and he and Harry started to execute his orders by first tackling a huge sofa.

"I have to pay a vithit to a friend now tho I will leave the job entirely in your handths. Thank you." And the dude strutted out of the room leaving behind a trail of cologne.

"Well, I'll be horn swaggled. What are we going to do about this?" asked Harry hopelessly.

"Why, you idiot, do as he told us. Do you think I'm going to stand the risk of being murdered? Come on, let's pile the whole shebang out on the porch."

In the meantime pandemonium reigned in another room. "Do you mean to tell me that there is a pair of imbeciles waiting for me down stairs?" asked Mr. Jones the millionaire resident of the mansion.

"Yes, Sir," replied the maid "and they ask for an owner and they mentioned lunatics and some terrible names I couldn't repeat. I think they are escaped insane people from the asylum on the next block."

"Good grief," ejaculated the old man, "we'll have to keep them quiet

until we can get their keeper. Quick call up the asylum and tell the warder what has happened."

"Will they harm us?" wailed Mrs. Jones who was of a nervous disposition. "If we act insane like they are, we will be able to humour them and keep them quiet for a while," suggested Miss Jones the spinster sister of the millionaire.

"All right then I'll go down first and entertain them. You two come down later and above all, for pity's sake, don't forget to act foolishly." Jones threw a cloak over himself and putting his bald pate under an ancient helmet, walked down the stairs and into the drawing room with a majestic swing.

And what a sight he saw. The once beautifully furnished room was now bare save for some unmovable pieces including a large oak desk on which Harry and Ned sat in a state of exhaustion. They were in their shirt sleeves, perspiration pouring profusely from every pore in their bodies.

"Of all lunatics, thugs and robbers this is the limit," panted the horrified Jones forgetting himself as he viewed the pitiful spectacle. Then as if regaining conciousness and realizing that he had to deal with a couple of violently insane men, took a royal pose and asked in a dignified tone. "Have I the pleasure of welcoming Great Caesar and Jumping Jupiter to my palatial home?

The two who were not expecting such an interruption in their peaceful rest, were dumbfounded. Ned being the cooler of the two was the first to regain his speech and alighted from the desk and making a low bow said sweetly, "The pleasure is all our's, dear Nero."

At this moment Miss Jones entered closely followed by Mrs. Jones both ridiculously dressed in curtains and enough rouge on their faces to frighten a red indian. They indeed were a grotesque pair. They were adorned with pink motoring veils, a band of white ribbon wound around their heads and flowers sticking in their grey hair. The two odd women were capering and pirouetting and casting alluring smiles at the young guests.

"Ah, 'tis Cleopatra and the goddess Venus. Ladies, meet my friends Caesar and Jupiter," announced the old man and all three bowed low. By this time Ned and Harry were pale and weakening with fright. "Let's beat it." whispered Harry desperately. So the two ran to the door but it was blocked by the lean figure of the dandy who had just returned from his visit.

"Out of the window," yelled Ned at the top of his voice and jumped thru the open window closely followed by Harry.

"Stop them shrieked the millionaire; while the ladies fainted away. Our two heroes continued to run until they got to the gateway where they almost collided with Mr. Vasiloff.

"What are you doing here?" they asked each other.

"Why we came to see you and the lunatics almost killed us," panted Ned between breaths.

"This isn't the asylum, it's Mr. Jones the millionaire's home?"

"Well perhaps this isn't an asylum but I tell you that this house is chuck full of nuts." said Ned.

Just then they heard the dude and his father howling for them to come back.

With an amused chuckle, Mr. Vasiloff hailed a taxi and soon the trio were driving to see more lunatics but of the less violent kind.

On the Reviewer's Table

By John S. Boyd, S. I. E. E., '19

TO the students of Physics, as well as to everyone who is interested in Physical Science, the appearance of a new publication by Sir Oliver Lodge is always a memorable event. He remarks in his preface to this book that "when a series of discoveries arouses enthusiasm, it is only natural for someone with a teacher's instinct to try to interest all intelligent people, and not only the expert few, in the marvels that are being revealed." In Sir Oliver Lodge we have a scientist whose teaching powers, as well as his teaching instinct, have seldom been equalled.

The subject-matter of this book would not usually be regarded as easy to understand by the average mind. It aims at providing "an introduction to modern views on atomic structure and radiation." These are matters which can usually only be described in very technical language, with an accompaniment of mathematical arguments that are beyond the understanding of a few. Sir Oliver Lodge makes the atom as real and tangible a thing as the solar system. The atom consists of "sun and planets" in miniature, and the whole subject of atomic structure, and the development of our knowledge in regard to it, is looked upon as an "introduction to atomic astronomy."

The book starts with a stimulating description of the constitution of matter, that leads almost immediately to the formation of a vivid picture of a typical atom, and a clear mental view of the essential differences between the atoms of the different elements. We are introduced to the ether, both as the "welding medium" that holds the particles of the atom together, and also the medium through which radiation, visible and invisible, takes place whenever the motion of an electron within the atom changes.

The discussion of different kinds of atoms, and of atoms under various conditions, leads us to consider unstable atoms, and the effect of "atomic projectiles," in producing the disintegration of the atom, a result which has been achieved experimentally by Sir Ernest Rutherford. The discussion of the energy of the atom leads to the fascinating chapter on the possibility of "harnessing the atom." An accouut is then given of the methods of investigating the atom, which includes a strikingly clear explanation of the X-ray spectrometer, the use of which depends upon the fact that the wave-length of X-ray is as small as the atom itself.

The remainder of the book follows two main lines. In the first place, the radiation from the atom is considered in relation to the spectrum, and we are shown the steps by which the complication of lines in the spectrum of any element has been reduced to order, and has been utilized to give us a glimpse into the "possible orbits" of the electrons within each kind of atom.

Secondly, there is gradually developed, side by side with this wonderfully simple theory of the spectrum, the modern view of the energy of the atom, and the conditions under which it is released in order to give

us the various types of radiation. In this connection, there is gradually developed a simple and satisfactory idea of the recently introduced physical constant, the "Quantum," which in Sir Oliver Lodge's opinion is quite as important as "Relativity." The radiation emitted by atoms is distributed "in packets," each of which is an energy unit—a discovery made by Professor Max Planck in 1900, which has thrown a flood of light upon the changes that take place within the atom itself.

It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the full range of topics which Sir Oliver Lodge tumbles upon and illuminates in the course of this book. The general impression after reading it is, however, one of satisfaction that one has at last been able to see beyond and within the atom, and that although its essential features are no longer mysterious, they are none the less marvellous. It is typical of the book that the exposition leads to a climax, in a thought-provoking final chapter which deals with possible application in the future. "Few can have suspected, in the reaction steam-jet of Hero of Alexandria, the germ of a ten thousand horse-power Parsons steam turbine; and it is still more difficult to detect in the electric whirligig any fore-shadowing of the power of the future."

This is the concluding sentence, but the whole book is written in a similar vein. Apart from the feeling which it gives us that at last we understand things that we did not expect to be able to grasp so clearly and completely, the student will be conscious, for many a day after reading it, of a number of lines of thought and speculation that have been suggested to him by his study, and which this masterpiece of exposition has fitted him to follow up and appreciate.

The Unbeliever

S. Shaw

It was in the winter of 1918 when James Arnold was staying at the house of his friend Henry Dawson, that the incident happened. A man of vast wealth he had gathered around him one of the choicest archeological nests of the country. But, unfortunately like too many intellectual men he professed no belief in God.

One evening Arnold missed him at his accustomed place in the library, so informing the servant to call when dinner would be ready he went to join him.

He found Dawson as he had expected in his study on the floor before a strangely carved box of wood formed in the shape of a boat.

"Ah Arnold, he said, looking up, rather a valuable find eh? Looks like gold doesn't it? In fact I am very surprised that this did not decay, considering that it is over 3000 years old."

Arnold, who was but a plain, blunt business man and not an archeologist asked, "But what is that queer looking thing?" "I have not found what it is exactly, but, and here, hardened unbeliever that he was his voice dropped to a whisper as though he was afraid, "I think I would be right

in saying that this is the "Ark of the Covenent". The description tallies exactly with the one in your Bible, he continued as he carefully took the contents out.

Meanwhile, Arnold, who had stood gaping at the startling revelation woke to life, "Heavens man! your profane hands can't handle those things. That which God consecrated, that which even Moses dared to touch but once a year."

"Tut, tut, don't talk so melodramatically, and as it seems to offend your taste so much would it not be better if you left the room?" A servant came in answer to his summons, and as a scene would hardly help to mend matters Arnold left the room.

The night crept slowly on. Twelve struck! Arnold overcome by an overwhelming anxiety for his friend knocked softly at the study door. No answer. His heart froze within him. Anxiety overcame propriety and he entered. And there he beheld a strange sight. Dawson, the unbeliever the man who had ridiculed the supernatural, the man whose words thousands had half believed, kneeling there, before the Ark, silently praying.

"Yes, Arnold, he said suddenly standing up, I believe."

"But—now—when—what", blurted the amazed Arnold.

"Let me tell you my story, my simple story, yet crowded with the mysterious strength and power of God. After you left me I examined slowly, and with care the objects in the box. All seemed to look at me accusingly. When I took out the two stone tablets, nine of the commandments I could look at without flinching, but try as I might I could not look at the first.

Already the power of God seemed to enwrap me. I was helpless. That strange and never ending strength of God was mainfesting itself; loaves of Mannah, fresh though over thirty centuries old, candles that age had not decayed were present. But strangest of all when I took up the rod of Moses, I by accident, or was it the will of God, held it above this vase and the waters parted as when the Israelites crossed the Red Sea. Is that not enough to convince the most sceptible, and is that not enough for me? From this day I shall repair the wrongs I have done to my fellow men, repair it a thousand fold, repair it so that I can say when I face my Creator that my life has not been fruitless."

A soft crumbling noise attracted Arnold's attention.

"Look Dawson, look! The Ark is falling to pieces. Look, look at the Golden Light that overshadows it. Its gone! Gone!"

"Yes, my friend said Dawson. Everything and everyone have their mission in this world, and proud I am to say that the Ark was intended by God's Almighty will first for the Israelites and then for me, for my conversion. May He forgive me If I do not merit it.

FRANÇAIS

Noël.

A. d'Aquino.

Le vent, froid et glacé, souffle à travers les champs et les prairies. Depuis longtemps, les dernières feuilles sont tombées des arbres. De temps en temps la neige arrive en gros flocons serrés et s'amoncelle sur la terre, la couvrant d'un manteau éclatant de blancheur. On n'entend plus le gazouillement joyeux des oiseaux; ils sont presque tous partis pour des régions plus clémentes. Les fleurs aussi, qui ornaient la nature pendant la belle saison, sont mortes.

C'est la fin de l'année, le terme d'une courte portion de notre vie, d'une période de joies ainsi que de tristesses. Chacun se remémore les souvenirs et les impressions de l'année écoulée et il ne manquera pas de les raconter pendant la veillée de la nuit de Noël.

Malgré la tristesse dont la nature est revêtue en cette saison une grande joie et une grande consolation régnent dans le coeur de tous. N'est-ce pas en effet le jour où l'on célèbre la naissance de Jésus-Christ, le doux Sauveur du monde, qui, en venant nous racheter, nous a apporté la paix et l'espérance. Et ce doux anniversaire, tous, petits et grands, riches et pauvres, jeunes et vieux, le célèbrent avec un égal bonheur.

Noël, c'est aussi l'époque des souhaits et des compliments, de la réconciliation et de la charité, ainsi que de la reconnaissance. Le roi se met à genou à côté du paysan, et dans de communs sentiments d'humilité, ils offrent l'expression de leur gratitude à Dieu, l'auteur de cette douce et joyeuse fête. Des présents nombreux et de toute nature sont échangés en souvenir du don ineffable que Dieu nous a fait en ce jour de son Divin Fils.

Mais n'oublions pas que le saint Enfant Jésus est né faible et dénué de tout dans une pauvre étable. Que de gens sans nourriture, sans vêtements, sans un rayon de bonheur Lui ressemblent dans son denûment. L'infinie générosité du Dieu fait homme, ne doit-elle pas nous presser de soulager leur misère? Une parole affectueuse, une action charitable, une aumône généreuse, ne manqueront pas de réjouir leur coeur. Et après avoir contribué au bonheur des autres nous nous sentirons mille fois plus heureux, nous-mêmes car la bénédiction et les prières de ces pauvres gens reconnaissants nous suivront, comme un parfum toujours frais et doux, à travers toute notre existence, et à la fin de notre vie, notre charité nous fera accueillir avec bonté par le Sauveur qui a dit: "Bienheureux les miséricordieux, car ils obtiendront miséricorde."

Un précieux bijou.

M. Agafuroff '25

Il est un bijou que tous peuvent posséder, le riche comme le pauvre, l'homme libre comme l'esclave, les grands comme les petits. On le trouve dans les palais les plus somptueux des rois aussi bien que dans la plus humble demeure du mendiant. Toujours à la disposition de chacun, il est comme un rayon de soleil quand tout autour de nous est couvert de nuages. Voulez-vous le connaître, ce bijou?—Eh bien! le voici: c'est un sourire.

On dit que les yeux sont le miroir de l'âme. Ce qui se dit des yeux, peut s'appliquer avec autant de justesse à toute la physionomie. Et de fait quand un sourire franc et honnête épanouit la figure d'un homme, nous pensons invariablement que cet homme est incapable de faire du mal et au premier abord il nous inspire de la confiance.

Mais le sourire n'est pas seulement le rayonnement de la bonté et de la bienveillance qui résident dans notre âme; il est aussi le reflet de la vertu et comme la récompense des luttes que demande l'acquisition de celle-ci. Il est vrai que le méchant aussi sourit, mais d'un sourire empoisonné et amer qui blesse plus qu'il ne séduit.

Quelle est la récompense de l'homme qui à force d'efforts répétés et soutenus surmonte ses mauvaises inclinations, ou qui, en face des critiques des méchants et des séductions des camarades, suit courageusement la voie droite du devoir? C'est le sourire, ce sourire habituel et paisible qui est comme l'épanouissement spontané de la paix et du bonheur de son coeur. Seul l'homme vertueux connaît le sourire puisque lui seul possède la vraie paix et le réel bonbeur.

Si la vertu est ce qu'il y a de plus beau au monde, on peut en dire presque autant de son rayonnement, le sourire? En effet, qu'y a-t-il de plus agréable à la vue? Que le tendre sourire d'une mère nourrissant son petit ou le sourire innocent et candide d'un enfant, le sourire du jeune homme qui a su garder sa vertu au milieu des séductions du mal, le sourire d'un diplômé qui a franchi avec succès toutes les étapes de la vie scolaire, le sourire d'un père entouré de ses enfants, le sourire d'un vieillard qui jette, avec une légitime fierté, un coup d'oeil sur une carrière longue et féconde?

Récompense et ornement de la vertu, en celui qui le possède, le sourire est de plus comme le rayon de soleil qui répand la joie autour de lui. Qui peut voir une figure souriante sans se trouver lui-même un peu plus heureux. Quel malheureux ne sent pas sa douleur allégée par un sourire sympathique?

Sourions donc, soyons heureux et rendons heureux les autres. Mais n'oublions pas que nous n'atteindrons jamais ce but, si d'abord nous ne nous efforçons de pratiquer la vertu dont, nous le redisons, le sourire est le reflet et une des récompenses.

L'Automne.

S. Kawazoe '26

Voici enfin la saison la plus glorieuse de l'année. Les jours diminuent graduellement et les nuits augmentent. Beaucoup d'oiseaux nous quittent après nous avoir réjouis pendant l'été, de leur joyeux gazouillement. La chaleur accablante et les vents chauds de l'été sont passés. Une brise modérée remplit l'atmosphère et caresse en silence les feuilles rougissantes. Une température douce et agréable nous permet de respirer plus librement le jour, et de goûter un repos plus réconfortant pendant la nuit.

Après le repos des grandes vacances, les étudiants reviennent de la campagne et se préparent à retourner en classe. Tous, cependant, ont l'air heureux et contents. L'idée de revoir leurs maîtres et leurs camarades leur met de la joie au coeur. On aura tant de choses à se dire et à entendre.

Au Japon, l'automne est la saison la plus agréable de l'année. Aucune autre période n'est plus favorable aux excursions et aux pique-niques, car le temps est généralement très beau, et la température, ni trop chaude ni trop froide. De plus, les beautés naturelles, si nombreuses dans ce pays, ne manquent pas de charme. Alors que dans d'autres climats cette saison marque le déclin de la nature, ici elle ne paraît que revêtir cette dernière d'une parure plus riche. Dans les vallées, sur les pentes des collines et des montagnes, les érables brillent des plus riches teintes et font l'admiration d'une foule de promeneurs. Dans les jardins et dans les serres s'étalent les chrysanthèmes, aux formes et aux couleurs infiniment variées.

Mais pour nous autres écoliers, l'automne n'est pas seulement un temps de plaisir ; c'est surtout un temps de travail. Comme il ne fait ni trop chaud ni trop froid, c'est la meilleure saison pour étudier. Ne perdons donc pas notre temps, et reprenons, avec une ardeur nouvelle le travail si longtemps interrompu par les grandes vacances.



"Thy Holy Will Be Done!"

"For heaven's sake, oh, holy One
Relieve a tortured child!
Protect me from the frost and snow,
Oh, shield me from this wild!

With weary steps, from day to day.
I've wandered all alone!
Despised by men, an orphan boy . . . .
But yet I wander on!

Oh, guard me from this heartless world!"
The little stranger cries.
The hermit raised his tearful face
Aud upward turns his eyes:

"Thou didst save me when I fell,
Thus, I will save him now!
He will share my scanty store,
Accept, o Lord, my vow!

And since thou blest me with this cell
My heart is closed to none!
Thou didst send this child to me . . . .
Thy holy will be done!"

Then, turning to the shivering boy,
He kindly smiled and said:
"Come, my lad, aud thank thy God,
The dreary past is dead!

A mossy couch for you to rest,
And steaming food to eat;
A blazing fire for you to warm
Your little frozen feet.

"A hundred thanks, a thousand thanks!"
The wretched creature cries.
"Nay, thank the One Who brought you here!"
The holy man replies . . . .

One by one, the fleeting years
Have drifted on and fled;
And still the thanks of grateful souls
Do grace the paths they tread.

But age was creeping in his life,
His eve is drawing nigh.
His eyes grow dim, his hands are weak, . . .
His days go quickly by.

Unaided by the men he helped,
And left to die alone.
But though resigned, he firmly prays:
"Thy holy will be done!"

Ah, no, there's one whose gratitude
Can never be forgot:
On whom the hermit's kindness fell,
The lonely homeless tot!

He kneels beside the nameless saint:
"From suff'rings you'll be free;
Then, pray for me, an orphan lad,
When blessed you will be!"

Beneath the shade of verdant pines,
A modest grave doth lie;
Where roses shed their fragrace sweet,
And ev'ning breezes sigh.

Adorned by one whose gratitude
Did never, never fade,
A small remembrance stands erect
Beneath the pine trees' shade.

Engraved in letters rough and rude,
O'er one who vict'ry won,
Those reverend words can still be read:
"Thy holy will be done!"

A. d'Aquino.

My Meditations

I looked upon a rugged bank,
The sunlit rocks and sand.
I looked upon the briny sea
Away, away from land.

I gazed upon the sky so blue,
The clouds so high above.
I gazed upon the merry birds,
The skylark and the dove.

I thought of One, Who did create
The world and my abode;
I thought of Him, Who is so great
The One Almighty God.

I. Agafuroff '26.

Autumn Breezes

Slowly, softly, sadly,
Whispering o'er the prarie,
Zephyrs leaving only
Their farewell intonation.

Parting on the morrow,
Filled with piercing sorrow,
Sighing o'er the meadow,
Without a consolation.

Dropping blossoms dying,
Autumn breezes fleeing,
Beauty all a-fading,
To hopeless deprivation.

Gone, the pleasant bowers!
Gone, the blushing flowers!
Lifeless nature withers
In shapeless putrefaction.

R. Cox '25

Farewel but Not Goodbye

Farewell dear comrades, not goodbye,
For oft I'll be with you,
If not in self, in thought I'll fly
To one and all of you.

And whether rich or suff'ring dearth
When far from home and you,
I'll warm my heart upon the hearth
Of friendship firm and true.

And if perchance by Fate's own hand
All scattered we are then,
And I be on some foreign strand
Do not forget me then.

So friends once more I bid "Adieu"
As hearty as I can
To each and every one of you
Until we meet again.

E. Jungers '24.

Autumn

The scorching summer days are past,
And nights are getting longer fast.
The maple leaves are turning sear,
To proclaim that autumn's here.

Then chilly winds begin to sigh,
And garden roses fade and die;
And swallows, harbingers of spring,
To warmer climates wing.

S. Dresser '26.

Rip Van Winkle's Return

The Mayor......Oh! loyal townsmen, listen to my words,
With one accord we'll pledge our truest love
Unto the stars and stripes, the guardian of our rights.

1st Man.........Hurrah for freedom!

2nd Man......... ....Long live liberty!

The Mayor......But hark! Who's that? He seems so strange.
Let's question him.........he looks a sight!

Rip ....Good day, kind sirs!

The Mayor...... ...Good day my aged friend,
What mean your sir, with all this noisy mob,
An ancient gun supported in your hands,
And ragged clothes of twenty years ago?

Rip ....Alas, good gentleman, excuse my dress,
I was a peaceful citizen of this place,
A loyal subject to our gracious king.

This "Forward"

is

Dedicated

to

Our Esteemed Visitors

VERY REV.

E. J. Sorret, S. M.

Superior-General of the Society of Mary

and

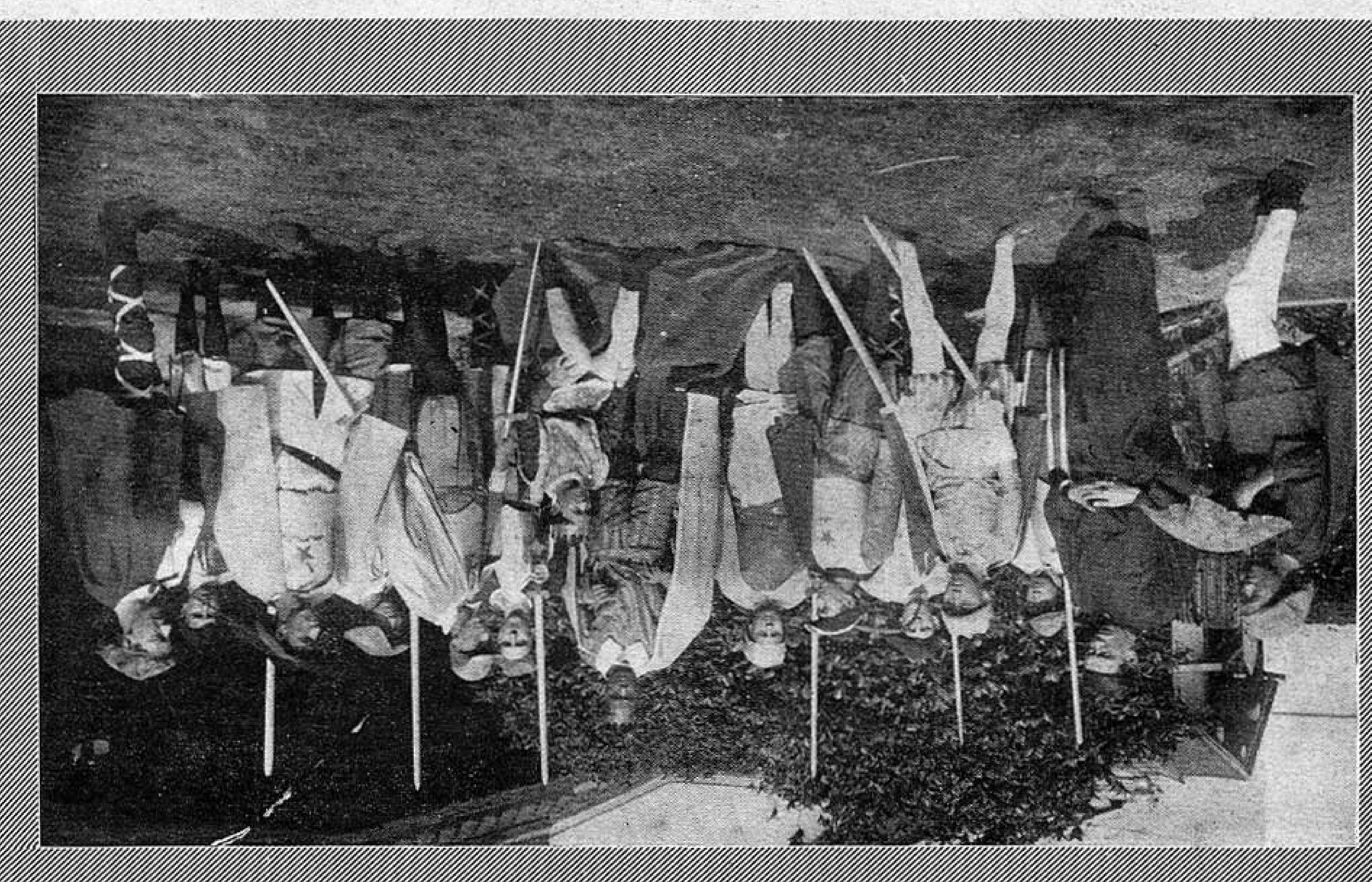
VERY REV. BRO.

Michael Schleich, S. M.

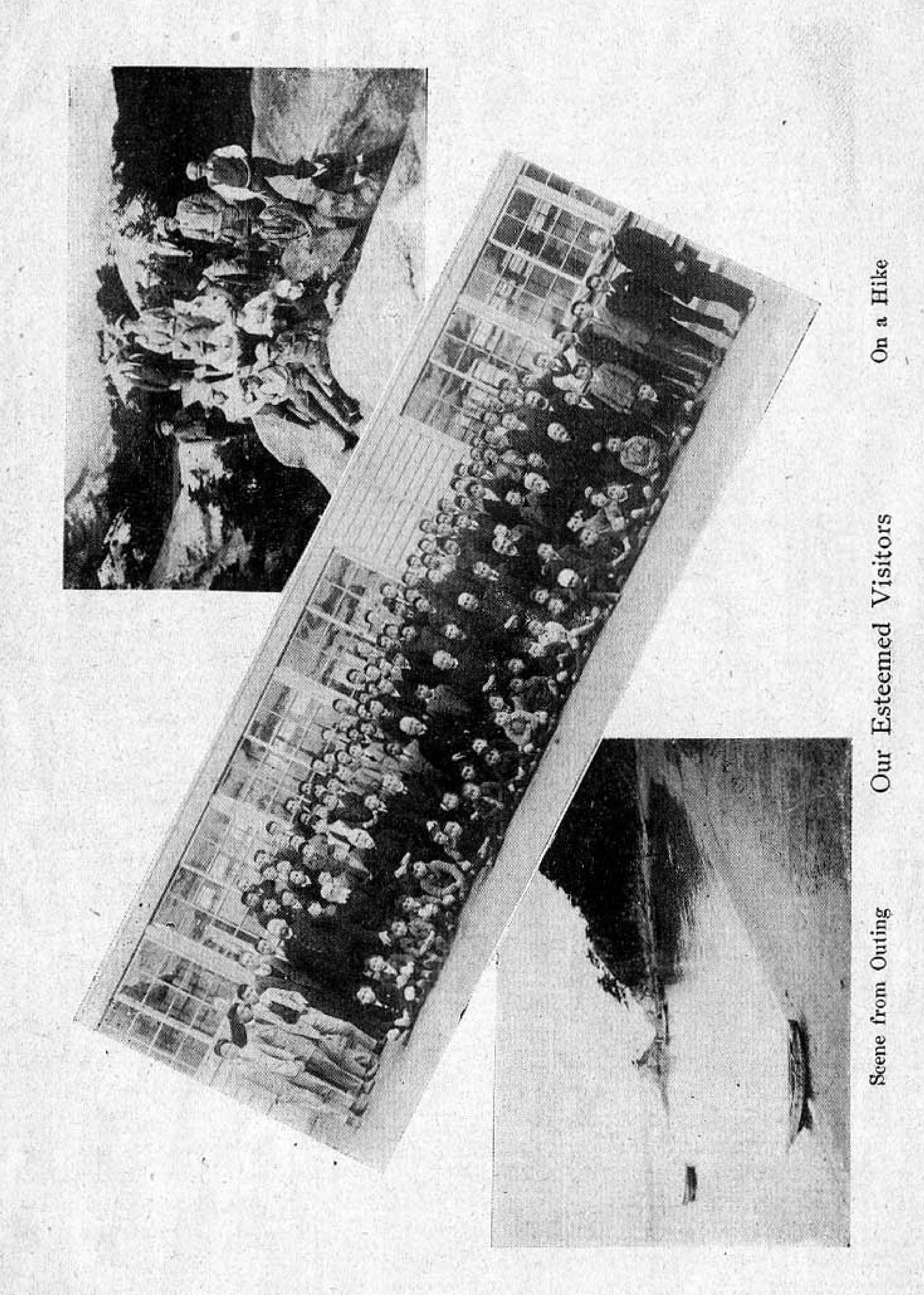
Inspector-General of the Society of Mary.



OUR ESTEEMED VISITORS
Very Rev. E. J. Sorret, S. M. and Rev. Bro. Michael Schleich, S. M.



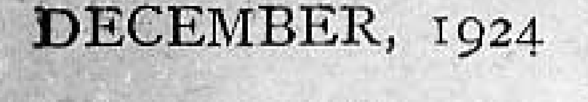
"The Recognition"

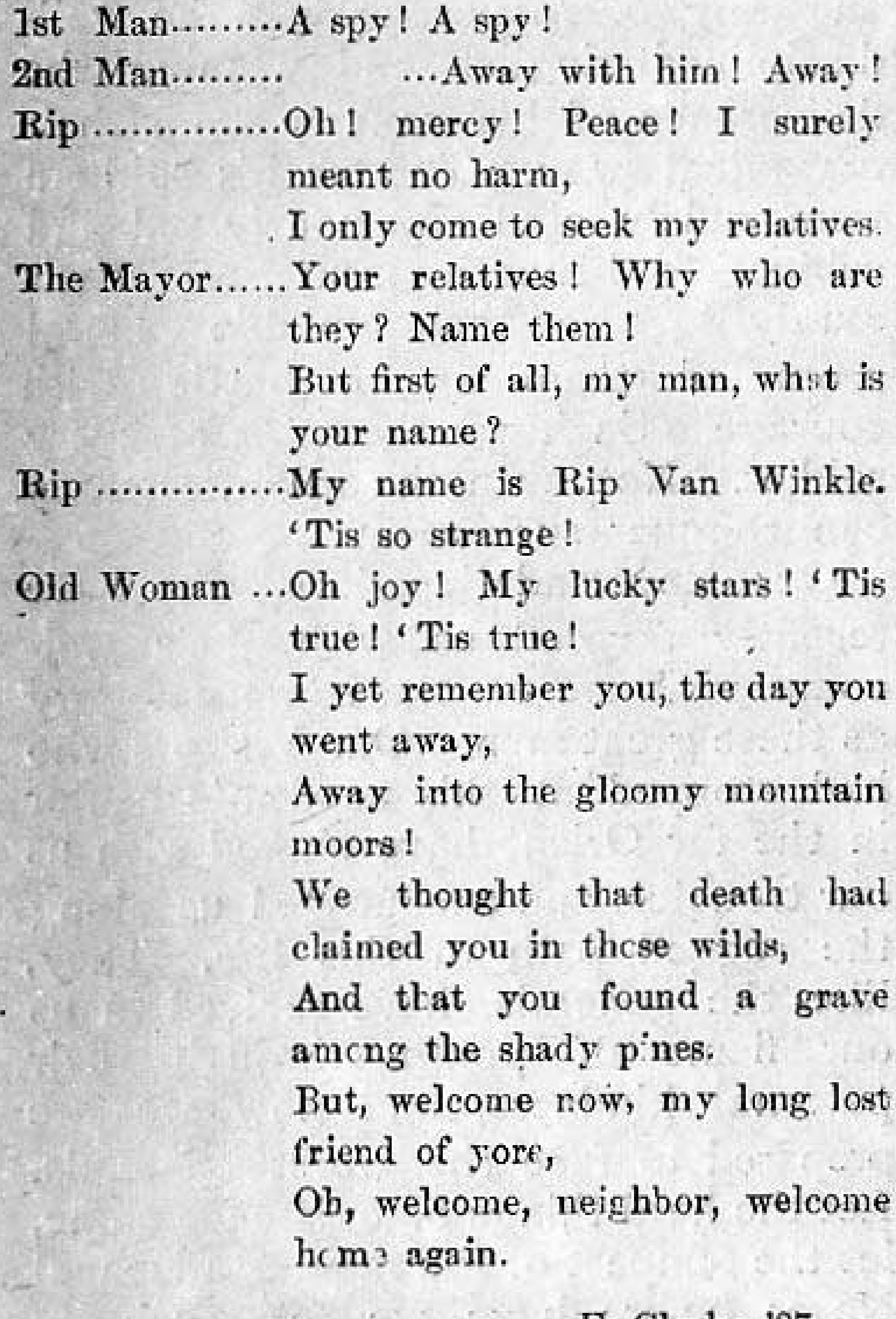


On a Hike

Our Esteemed Visitors

Scene from Outing





1st Man.........A spy! A spy!
2nd Man......... ...Away with him! Away!
Rip..............Oh! mercy! Peace! I surely meant no harm,
I only come to seek my relatives.
The Mayor......Your relatives! Why who are they? Name them!
But first of all, my man, what is your name?
Rip..............My name is Rip Van Winkle. 'Tis so strange!
Old Woman ...Oh joy! My lucky stars! 'Tis true! 'Tis true!
I yet remember you, the day you went away,
Away into the gloomy mountain moors!
We thought that death had claimed you in these wilds,
And that you found a grave among the shady pines.
But, welcome now, my long lost friend of yore,
Oh, welcome, neighbor, welcome home again.

F. Clarke '27

NIGHT

The sunbeams soften in a haze
From ruby red to gold;
And sparrows chant their plaintive lays...
The clouds of night unfold.

The western skies grow darker there
In heavy shades of blue;
And darkness of the night is near
With twilight's drowsy hue.

And now the little stars abound,
Then twinkle in the gloom;
And night is reigning all around,
The day goes to the tomb.

F. Clarke '27

AUTUMN

The east is bright, 'tis break of dawn;
Autumn's here, and summer's gone.
The heavy mists now greet the morn,
Sparkling dews the leaves adorn.
The chilly breezes reign again,
Colored leaves fall to the glen;
The gorgeous woods make such a sight,
Twinkling stars shine through the night.
These won'rous sights are only seen.
When autumn comes, that time serene.

E. Salter '26

EDITORIAL

Influence.

M. Fachtmann '25

INFLUENCE is the most subtile power among men. A king without influence is clinging to an empty throne, a leader without influence is a slave to the fancies of those under him, a man without influence is a negligible factor in life. A man may be noble, kind-hearted but if these sterling qualities do not radiate about him in the shape of influence, what can they be worth?

Look into the past. Who are the people that stand out prominent, marking the different periods of time? Men, who by using their influence over the nation led the people on to success. The historical Napoleon came to be what we know him to be only by the charm of his strange character. His word was law. He might have reigned peacefully, a glittering crown on his head, with practically all Europe at his feet. Was this how he gained the reverence

of his people? No! With the flag of fair France waving, he led his army, encouraging his soldiers, giving a helping hand in time of need. History proves that by casting in his lot with his people, sharing their fatigues and labors, he won, if not their everlasting esteem and respect, at least their profound admiration.

Glancing over the life of Napoleon one will never fail to find this world-known fact. After a day of tiring marches Napoleon with his soldiers built camp. One night while making his round to secure the sentries he found one asleep. Instead of punishing him on the spot the General took up the sleeping sentinel's gun and paced the ground, crying out the hours. When the sentinel got up Napoleon returned the gun to him kindly, urging him to be more careful in the future.

Turning over into another continent we come to Washington's era. He the "Father of America" has well gained this noble name by leading an army of rustics against the well-disciplined English and winning the deliverance of his country from their tyrannical sway. Though his soldiers were rudely clad and poorly fed and subject to bitter exposure, yet their sturdy love for their amiable general prompted them on to battle with courage. Such was the spirit of every soldier. Not even the mightiest foes can conquer such men.

Our Reverend Superiors, who have recently favored us with their welcome visit are of the same category as these great men. Our Visitors who had stopped at this academic center in the far Orient have shared with us our troubles, and encouraged us along the rugged path of this life. They, like the generals, have revived in us our flame of youth, through their paternal kindness, and now we are prepared to face the worst of trials. Let the hard things of existence come, let the tempest of life rage. Influence! Never before have we felt such an encouragement.

Yokohama

L. Cox

YOKOHAMA! What events are mingled with the memory of that great seaport! All our joys of youth and much of our sorrows. Yokohama, the city of our birth, our home, the place from which we were cruelly driven out by a disastrous catastrophe; how we long to return to it.

Our return will not only be the beginning of a geater St. Joseph's College but also a helping factor in the growth of Japan's most progressive port. The commerce of this country being almost entirely with European and American nations, there are a large number of foreign homes in the various seaports. The children must be educated and if there is no foreign educational institution at hand, the families would prefer to stay in their own countries rather than to have their homes separated, in order to have their children properly educated. Naturally this will directly react on the exports of this country.

Yokohama before the quake was the main seaport of Japan. She had

the greatest foreign trade in the country, she had the greatest number of foreigners and she also had the greatest school for foreigners. Now she has fallen in her commerce, the foreign business men are few and families are more scarce.

St. Joseph's College has suffered exile for sixteen long months. It must return. There is the fertile soil and here are the productive seeds. We must go back to Yokohama if we wish to grow and Yokohama must have us if she wishes to get back to her former standing. Our reëstablishment in Yokohama, will undoubtedly effect the return of former residents, consequently the growth of its foreign trade, raising the city again to its proper position. What is a foreign community without its school and its young ones? When a man is retiring from business and wishes to pass the remainder of his existence in privacy, he would naturally choose his home town, the town in which he spent his childhood for "be it ever so humble there is no place like home." No! there is no place like home where familiar surroundings and familiar faces bring back to our minds happy memories of our childfood days. Our hearts burn for dear old "Yoko" and we must return.



The Reopening.—Classes were resumed this term on Sept. the 16th, commencing the second year in Kobe. There is a marked improvement in the school since our arrival here last year. The number of students now amount to 127, of which 20 are boarders. In the graduating class there are 8 students, five of them having started from the 1st Prep. class some 9 years ago, two from the 2nd Prep. and one from the 5th.

Election of Athletic Officers.—A week after the reopening of the school a meeting was held in which the officials, for the school's athletics for this term, were elected. The results were as follows:

1st Team

Football Captain.........S. Dresser
Basketball Captain ....L. Cox
Athletic Managers..............
.........M. Agafuroff L. Cox

2nd Team

Football Captain......A. d'Aquino
Athletic Manager ......H. Walker

A very brilliant season is expected for both the football and basketball teams.

Hikes.—The 17th of October being a Bank Holiday, 2 separate hikes were organized. One, under the leadership

of Mr. Janning, went to Kabutoyama via Belle View while the other under Mr. Abromitis went on a sketching tour in the neighborhood of Ashiya-gawa. Both parties were well attended and much fun and beautiful sceneries were enjoyed by the nature lovers.

The Annual Excursion.—The first excursion in two years was made to Waka-no-ura on the 11th of November by the entire High School including the 5th and 6th year boys. The minims under Mr. Higli went to spend the day at Takarazuka.

Leaving the Mikage Station at 6.30 a.m., we arrived at Wakayama at 6.30. After leaving unnecessary articles at the mission house there, we looked thru an old castle and then took the street car to Waka-no-ura. Once there, the party having been devided into groups according to their classes and headed by their respective teachers, broke up, each crowd going its own way. Waka-no-ura is on the shore of a small bay, the entrance of which is dotted by mumerous little islands. The shore of the miniature bay is lined with magnificent rocks and hemmed in by a range of pine-covered hills. After enjoying six hours of this beautiful country, we were obliged to turn our steps homeward. All returned tired but happy.

Movies Resumed.—What! movies in school once more? Why sure, the boarders have already enjoyed a few silverscreen shows at the boarding department. The machine was lent to the school by Mr. Yamamoto, the father of one of our boys. You should have been there to hear the row when Father Walter appeared on the screen in a religious procession. Why, Father, we might see you pretty soon in a serial.

A valuable donation consisting of an organ and a piano was recently received by the music department. We are more than grateful for these harmonious gifts and doubly so because they were given by our Parisian friends who are still suffering from the effects of the World War.

November 27th will ever be a great day in the annals of the school, for it was on this day that the Superior-General of the Society of Mary, accompanied by the Inspector-General arrived at the school to bring us tidings of joy and hope.

After the addresses were read, gifts were presented and the Good Father addressed the boys in French. He spoke of the school in Yokohama and in his speech he said: "When I saw the one building still firmly situated on the old property, I saw in it a germ from which a great institution will arise."

After this the Inspector-General spoke to us. At the end of his address he added that St. Joseph's College is very dear to him because he had visited it 15 years ago when it was still very young. The entertainment started at 1.30 p.m. and lasted for three hours. The play which was presented by the Senior and Junior classes, was a success in spite of its length and limited time allowed for its preparation. The program for the reception was as follows:

1) The Japanese, French and American National Anthems.
2) French and English Addresses —Presentation of Gifts.
3) "The Recognition" (A Drama in 4 acts.)

—: The Cast Ast of Character : —

Duke of Spoleto .... E. Gomes
Riccardo......................... L. Cox

Count Bartolo—Stephano .... M. Agafuroff
Antonio, afterwards Julio (Son of Bartolo)...... R. Cox
Prince of Marcerata—Leonardo .... M. Fachtmann
Balthazar .... J. Masson
Fabiano—Zuchii .... A. d'Aquino
Giacomo—Andrea .... S. Dresser
Lorenzo & Gratiano .... W. Helm—E. Salter
Pacifico....................... A. Agajan
Jailer .... S. Kawazoe

On the following day the Superior-General and the Inspector went thru the school, after which a photograph was taken of the Reverend Guests with the Faculty and the entire student-body.

In the evening, an exhibition basketball match was played during which the visitors were our distinguished spectators. We are proud to state that it was the first basketball game the Good Father had ever seen.

Address

by Rupert Cox

Reverend Superiors :—

At last a long-awaited day has dawned, one which brings to us all here present, the greatest joy and happines in greeting you with the most hearty welcome. Yes! the heartiest and sincerest of welcomes, expressed in all the warmth of our joy. Welcome, Reverend Visitors, the most cordial welcome from this modest educational institution. What a thrill of delight echoed thru our glad hearts when news reached here of your having faced the Far East and turned your kind eyes to a "Forget-me-not" quietly blooming in the Orient. We are the "Forget-me-not" arrayed in in modest hue of blue and white, lowly but with a heart as strong as a sturdy oak.

The big journey of thousands upon thousands of miles of rugged land and wind-swept sea, undertaken to accomplish the great mission for which you are circling the globe, must have been monotonous and tedious to your ever-active minds, yet in compensation here are the beaming faces of youths eager to hear, to listen, and to accept guidance from out of the vast store of your wisdom and experience as pilots thru the rocky path of knowledge.

You have laboured for us, and made heroic sacrifices all out of sympathy, paternal love for the younger generation. By your worthy example you have spurred us on towards our one only goal, and the radiance of the high ideals you represent has fallen on us like the morning dew upon the fair flower, enhancing its beauty and magnificence. So great is the effect of your powerful influence, that our hearts will ever feel the glowing warmth of your benevolence and love.

You are like the masters of a great conservatory who enjoin it upon their gardeners to cultivate and keep the flowers from corruption by labouring to preserve their bloom and fragrance. Our teachers, like the faithful workers, guided by your words, take care of the buds till they become beautiful and large. Plucking out the weeds that grow at our sides and destroying the baneful ideas that tend to harm us, we grow up to be men pure in heart and soul, lead by the kind and gentle hands of the Faculty and armed with the sword of knowledge to go forth into the hard battle of life skilled to conquer the world and to live as real men who are conscious of the preciousness of life.

We have been longing with happy hearts for this memorable day, when you, dear Superiors, should come to us and by your kindly presence cheer our souls on towards gaining the happy end, for "What doth it profit a man if he gains the whole world and suffers the loss of his soul?"

The Faculty and students of our refugee St. Joseph's College extend once more to you, distinguished Visitors, their lively thank on the condescension of your coming into their midst and most cordial welcome for a pleasant and prolonged visit.

Vénéré Père,

Votre mission touche presque à son terme. Après avoir parcouru des milliers de kilomètres par terre et par mer, après avoir visité nos petits frères des écoles d'Amérique, vous vous trouvez enfin au milieu de nous. C'est avec un profond respect et les coeurs débordants de joie que nous vous souhaitons la bienvenue. Nous saluons en votre personne le chef suprême de la Société de Marie, de cette Société étendue à travers le monde entier et aux soins de laquelle notre éducation a été si heureusement confiée.

C'est avec une vive impatience que nous avons attendu ce jour. Nous apprécions l'insigne honneur que vous nous faites de votre visite et nous vous remercions du fond du coeur d'avoir bien voulu nous apporter votre sympathie et vos paternels encouragements. Aujourd'hui nous nous sentons en présence, non d'un visiteur indifférent, mais d'un père qui nous aime profondément et dont l'influence, ainsi que la direction bienfaisantes, nous atteint tous les jours indirectement par l'action des maîtres dévoués qui nous donnent l'éducation.

Nous savons que ce n'est ni le plaisir ni l'intérêt qui ont motivé votre long et pénible voyage. Des motifs plus nobles vous ont décidé à l'entreprendre, à savoir ceux de la gloire de Dieu et de l'éducation de la jeunesse, deux nobles causes auxquelles vous avez consacré votre vie. Aussi votre exemple restera toujours pour nous une inspiration, et nous rappellera que notre vie doit se passer, non pas à poursuivre des intérêts égoïstes, mais à nous perfectionner nous-mêmes et à contribuer au bonheur des autres.

Votre présence, aujourd'hui, Vénéré Père, au milieu de nous est comme un rayon d'espoir, après les pénibles épreuves que notre Collège vient de traverser. Vous avez appris la destruction presque complète de notre chère Ecole, et une de vos premières visites, après votre arrivée au Japon, aura été pour ses ruines encore désertes. Moins heureux que nos frères japonais de l'Etoile du Matin, nous avons dû nous exiler; et aujourd'hui, plus d'une année après la catastrophe, nous sommes obligés de vous recevoir dans une école que nous ne pouvons pas appeler "nôtre." Il est vrai que le dévoûment inlassable de nos maîtres nous reste et nous soutient tous les jours; mais il ne peut remplacer tout ce que le Collège a perdu en fait de constructions scolaires, de matériel d'enseignement et de cours de récréation.

Certes, nous avons toujours eu l'espoir que notre exil ne durera pas trop longtemps et que notre cher Collège se relèvera de ses ruines, plus beau et plus prospère que jamais. Et votre arrivée au milieu de nous, nous paraît comme l'aurore annonçant la prochaine réalisation de nos espérances.

Trop tôt, hélas, vous allez nous quitter. Mais nous garderons le souvenir de votre visite et nous vous accompagnerons de nos voeux et de nos prières. Puisse Dieu vous ramener sain et sauf dans votre patrie, et vous conserver encore de longues années à la tête de la Société qui vous a choisi pour son chef.

Daignez agréer, Vénéré Père, l'hommage respectueux de vos enfants du Collège St. Joseph.

M. Agafuroff



C. Heller.—is getting along smoothly in the States. As a private secretary of Mr. Carruthers, the President of Brook-Cadillac Hotel, a fourteen-million dollar affair, he faces a bright future. Chas sends his 'best' to the teachers and alumni. Cheerio Charley! A prosperous future.

J. Martin.—Hello 'Jazz'. Glad to hear from you that you are faring nicely. Your encouraging letters are always welcome. Many thanks for your gift to our College. We greatly appreciate it.

J. Agajan.—A hiker in his 'old' age. Of late he is a regular companion to the S. J. C. mountaineers. That's the boy, Jack! Keep us laughing with your merry talk.

C. Remedios.—is talked of with praises by his employer. His eagerness backed by his ability places him high. The manager hopes that Chas remains permanently with the Company. Good for you 'Chappo', that's the way to go at it.

E. Jungers.—working in the Japan Beef Co. seems to like his new job. He is quite busy, but still finds time to join us in our weekly games. Hope we had you still 'Pinky'.

J. Boyd.—Treasurer and Secretary of the Ayrshire Lawn Tennis Association is quite busy lately keeping accounts of the different matches played. We enjoy your good luck. A nice position you have, Johnny. Many thanks for your literary productions. We do wish the Forward were twice as big.

W. Laffin.—'Congrats', Bill, for your many victories. Your name is proudly mentioned by our enthusiasts.

H. Mason.—Boss! are you keeping quiet to give us a pleasant surprise? 'How goes the A. A. A?' Mind you, Harold there is nothing like good news from good old Yoko

P. Wallace.—Free dentistry ??? Give him a try later. Pete enters the Loyola College. A Freshman dentist he is. Good luck to you 'ole boy'. Be known as painless Pete in the future.

C. Pedersen.—is now on the Relay team of U. of Dayton. Fine work Chas, you sure got a 'Forward' spirit in you.

The A.A.A. gained an easy victory in the Aquatic Sports held sometime in August at Mirume. Congratulations boys, keep your heads up high.



Season Opened in Promising Fashion.

St. Joseph's Humbles Koyo Middle

The curtain raiser was played on October 24, against Koyo on the latter's field.

After the kick-off Capt. Dresser carried the ball up the right flank. He circumvented the vanguards and passed to Donald, who shot well wide the posts. The game resumed with vim and fire S. J. attacking the Japanese citadel but the Koyo backs defended stubbornly against the onslaught. The Middle School combination made its first raid to the Blue and White territory but the ball was safely booted back and Kosloff trapped the leather, made a clever run and centered to Guterres who with some smart footwork secured the first tally for the Saints. During the second period the Japanese custodian was severely tested. Cox, extreme left, after strenuous efforts netted the pigskin for the second goal. Koyo then beat the St. Joseph's College defence but Agafuroff was in position and cleared his lines cleverly. Donald drove the ball sharply at close range for the last point. The lone score secured by K.M. happened after the corner-kick, just two minutes before the close of the battle.

S. J. C....3.........K. M. 1
Referee Ono (Koyo)

Blue and White Crushes Mikage Normal. Dazzling Speed Blinds Kansai Champion Team

A slight breeze hepled the victorious team in the first half. S. J. C. eleven one and all exhibited great dash and surperb passing and repassing of the forwards and the feeding of the halves placed St. Joseph's in command of the field. The Normal goalie stood the gruelling test by keeping the score 0-0 With the wind backing them up the Mikage players scored the first goal. Then the Trojans wearing the Blue and White colors became conspicuous for their fearless movements and responded to Dresser's engineering, swept off the M. N. S. stone-wall resistance. Their efforts were rewarded when Kosloff netted the sphere. Animated with spirit Saint's Skipper snapped up a solo run and beat the goal-keeper by a well-timed shot. Soon after this the fray came to a glorious end.

This is our greatest triumph; beating Mikage Normal, the representative team of Japanese Middle Schools of Kwansai at the Mejii Athletic Carnival.

S. J. C....2.........M. N. S....1
Referee: A. Dresser (S.J.C.) and M. Mendonça

S.J.C. Vanquished in Tennis

The College racket artists were defeated by Canadian Academy net stars on Nov. 8th at the Mirume Courts. C. A. winning all the matches in singles and doubles.

St. Joseph's Misfortune at Kosho Grounds

St. Joseph's College went down before the Kobe Higher Commercial Eleven by a narrow margin of 2-1. Lack of cohesive work and also minus the dash and speed which characterized the Mikage game were the causes of its downfall.

The game opened in a brilliant manner; after a three minutes spell of anxiety the Blue and White scored the goal. A pretty combination and the ball was hooked in the goalmouth by Kosloff. The Higher Commercial's squad then settled down and held its sway till the end of the first half. Towars the end of the interval Kosloff advanced boldly into the melee of the Maroon and White rearguards and shot the sphere which skimmed the upright. The Commercials started to attack the S. J. citadel. The Saint's backs smothered the H. C. S. many attempts to shoot, but the wall collapsed after repeated assaults. Kosho tied the score. The game progressed rapidly. A kicking duel resulted in the Blue and White favor. The ball was worked up the left wing and was lost. The Highers after surperb passing got the leading point. Realizing the imminent danger of defeat the S. J. C. eleven started the fireworks. The H. C. goal was threatened then till the end of the game but no point was scored by the losing team.

S. J. C....1.........H. C. S....2
Referee: M. Agafuroff.

S. J. Loopers Win Take an Easy Game from The Kobe Young Foreigners

On the floor of the Kobe Y.M.C.A. the speedy Blue and White quintet won the initial encounter of the season by the score of 52-28.

Snappy passings and the whirlwind swiftness completely swept the Foreign team off their guard and piled enough points to victory. The playing was rather rough.

Exhibition Games

The Blue squad won the honor of the day by trouncing the White and Red teams. In the premier play Blue defeated Red by one point, in a rather slow game. In the finals the formidable Red basketeers had to knuckle down before the Champs, in a fast fray by two field goals.

The Champions received warm congratulations from the Reverend Superiors in whose honor the games were played.

BOY SCOUTS

Scout Meeting

Three weeks after returning back to our studies, October 7th, our first Scout meeting took place. The renewing of our scout oath, and a letter read by our Scoutmaster from the Boy Scout Headquaters of America were the main features. We extend our heartfelt thanks for the good work done to us through Mr. Ehler, the Director for the Troop Service Dept. and to you Whillie Daly for doing whatever you can for your former scout friends.

Mushroom Hike

On October eleventh our "premier" holiday, dawned upon us bright and clear. And what scout would not take advantage of it? Led by our Scoutmaster, we all in good time reached Ashiyagawa at about 10 o'clock.

From there singing or talking loudly we gradually made our way up. Twelve o'clock, found us far in the interior, glad to rest and take our lunch. An hour's rest, then we went over stony roads, pathless woods, creeping vines that took us off our feet more than once. At other times we crawled on the ground where entangled vines formed a strong network; finally our path was blocked to such an audacious degree that at three o'clock precisely, all decided unanimously to leave the mushrooms alone as we would surely loose them in our acrobatic stunts, and to go back the quickest and easiest way possible, before we would be obliged to pass the night there in a most uncomfortable position.

Hike to Belles View and Kabuto-yama

Our next outing, on a rather cold day took us on the road to Arima. The going was rough and steep in some places; cold mountain winds blowing hard, made everyone walk silently, occupied in his own chattering, shivering and general contemplation of the misery experienced. At 9 o'clock we reached Belles View; rested awhile, taking in the magnificent view spread far below us, and then started over to Kabuto-yama a hill about six miles away.

From there we slowly made our way back, glad to have seen the beauty of Japan's nature in full glory.

Hike to Ashiyagawa

October 31st being the Emperor's birthday, a hike to Ashiyagawa was decided. It was divided into two parties, the "Artistic temperments" or those who desired to paint the "grandeurs of nature" and the "Rough-Riders" or those commonly known to us as "the hikers".

The latter or as we shall call them more properly, the "Rough-Riders" expected easy and comfortable walking as pre-arranged; but unfortunately all things did not come about as arranged.

At 12 o'clock a campfire was built, and kept up the rest of the afternoon, till the return signal sounded.

The artists must be credited for their splendid work done whilst the "Rough-Riders" were at rest; if anyone wishes to have his picture painted, just apply to St. Joseph's College and he will receive prompt and satisfactory results from them.

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION

— Kobe —

CYMA—The preceding Forward vaguely introduced a newborn relative, the local Cyma. Well, since it was ushered into being it has by now grown to more than half-size and is kicking about in grand style. Why should it not be doing so since the Y on its badge stands for *young*, and the M stands for *men*? Summer excursions, soccer teams, a church choir, a charity group and regular club meetings—these are some of the things whereby to gauge the genteel character of this new acquaintance of Forward makers and readers. And the nice part about it all is, that the Cyma and Forward are faring forth hand in hand, each identified in a way, with the other. There is nothing so delightful as stalworth companionship and these two youthful bands are beautifully locked in one another's arms. The Cyma is still in the roseate prospect of its ambitions but it is manfully tending towards realizing them. Like the worthy Forward, Cyma intends to be heard from in swift course of time. Its roster bears names for long familiar at the College and conspicuous for attachment to this Old Manse of learning. Now just let's all wait, and we'll all soon see.



EASY

Mother:—"Now Jack, can you tell me the name of a well known animal that supplies us with food and clothing?"

Jack (knowingly)—"Yes, father."

THE CHAMPION

"There's the light-weight champion of our village," remarked the talkative to the holiday visitor.

"A pugilist, eh?"

"No, only the village butcher."

WEAK OLD MAN

"Can you lend me ten dollars for a week, old man?"

"What weak old man?"

HOW LONG?

"I believe," said the talkative man, "in fighting an enemy with his own weapons."

"Tell me this," said the bored stranger, "how long does it take you to sting a wasp?"

THE GOOD EXAMPLE

Passenger—"Doesn't the vessel tip frightfully."

Steward—"The vessel, mum, is trying to set a good example to the passengers."

NOT SO SENTIMENTAL

The manager—"The way you pitched today would make a jackass weep."

The pitcher—"I don't see any tears in your eyes."

SIMPLY AWFUL

Teacher complaining in class, "I give awfully simple questions and in return I get simply awful answers."

NOTHING

The squire of the village came to a country school "Do any of you know the meaning of nothing?"

After a moment of thought a little boy lifted up his dirty hand and said: "'Tis that which you gave me for holding your horse yesterday."

DIDN'T KNOW

A school inspector was dining with the village squire and in course of conversation said:

"I had a funny answer in school to-day. I asked the class who wrote the 'Merchant of Venice' and a little boy said timidly, 'Please, sir, it wasn't me'."

"Ha, ha" laughed the squire, "and I suppose the young rascal had done it all the time."

P. D. Q.

Inquirer: "Where does this train go?"

Wicket Man: "This train goes to Yokohama in ten minutes."

Inquirer: "Goodness, that's going some."

GOOD EYE

They were returning home from a good dinner.

"Doesn't your wife miss you on these occasions?" asked one.

"Not often, she throws pretty straight."

BEWARE!

The Cyma choristers are still looking for the fellow who called their first choir rehearsal a howling success.

HISTRICAL

Now if there's anybody who can tell the senior class anything at all about British Guiana, "all right we'll take it." Only don't tell us that it has changed hands from Holland to England 'countless numbers of times.' How about it?

STATISTICS

We are altogether correct in surmising that Canada too is having its trouble with immigration. According to late statistics of senior origin, that country has now 80,000,000 inhabitants.

SPARED!

If this Forward were printed after an examination there would be a few more jokes.